See another Copy
401. f. 115.

A most Excellent Ballad of St. *George* for *England*, and the Kings Daughter of *Egypt*, whom he delivere from death, and how he slew a mighty Dragon. To the Tune of, *Flying fame*.

OF Hectors deeds did Homer sing,
and of the sack of stately Troy,
What griefe fair Hellen did them bring
which was Sir Paris only joy:
And with my pen I must recite,
St. Georges deeds, an English Knight.
Against the Sarazens full rude,
fought he full long and many a day;
where many a Gyant he subdu'd,
in honour of the Christian way
And after many adventures past,
To Ægypt land he came at last.
And as the Storie plain doth tell,
within that Country there did rest
A dreadful Dragon fierce and fell,
whereby they were full sore oppress:
who by his poysoned breath each day,
Did many of the City slay
The griefe thereof did grow so great,
throughout the limits of the Land
That they their wise men did intreat,
to shew therecunning out of hand:
which way they might this Dragon 'stroy,
That did there country sore annoy.
The wise men all before the King,
framed this matter incontinent,
The dragon none to death might bring
by any means they could invent.
His Skin was hard then brass was found
That sword or spear could pierce or wound.
When this the people understood,
they cryed out most pitiously,
The Dragons breath infected their blood,
that they each day in heaps did dye,
Amongst them such a plague it bred
The living scarce could bury the dead.
No means there was that they could find,
for to appease the Dragons rage,
But by a Virgin pure and kind,
whereby he might his fury swage:
Each day he should a Maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise men found,
which truly must observed be,
Wherefore throughout the City round,
a Virgin pure of good degree;
was by the Kings Commission still,
Took up to serve the Dragons will.
Thus did the Dragon every day,
a Maiden of the Town devour,
Till all the Maids were worn away,
and none were left that present hour,
Saving the Kings fair daughter bright,
Her Fathers joy and hearts delight.
Then came the Officers to the King,
this heavy message to declare
Which did his heart with sorrow sting,
she is (quoth he) my Kingdoms heir:
O let us all be poysoned here,
Ere she should dye that is my dear.
Then rose the people presently,
and to the King in rage they went,
Who said his daughter dear should dye,
the Dragons fury to prevent;
Our daughters all are dead quoth they,
And have been made the Dragons prey.
And by their blood thou hast been blest,
and thou hast sav'd thy life thereby,
And now in Justice it doth rest,
for us thy daughter so should dye:
O save my daughter said the King,
And let me feel the Dragons sting.
Then fell fair Sabrine on her knee,
and to her father thus did say
O Father strive not thus for me,
but let me be the Dragons prey,
It may be for my sake alone,
This Plague upon the Land was shown
'Tis better I should dye (she said)
then all your Subjects perish quite,
Perhaps the Dragon here was laid,
for my offence to work his spight:
And after he hath suckt my Gore,
Your Land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done my daughter dear,
for to deserve this heavy scourge,
It is my fault it shall appear.
which makes the Gods our state to grudge
Then ought I dye to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.
Like mad men all the people cry'd
thy death to us can do no good,
Our safety only doth abide,
to make thy daughter Dragons food:
Lo here I am, (O then quoth she.)
Therefore do what you will with me.
Nay stay dear daughter (qd. the Queen)
and as thou art a Virgin bright,
That hath for vertue famous been,
so let me cloath thee all in white
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
In ornament for Virgins meet.
And when she was attired so,
according to her mothers mind;
Unto the stake then she did go,
to which they did this Virgin bind,
And being bound to stake and thrall,
She bad farewell unto them all.
Farewel dear Father then (quoth she)
and my sweet mother meek and mild,
Take you no thought nor care for me
for you may have another child:
Here for my Countries good I dye,
which I receive most willingly.
The King and Queen with all their train
with weeping eyes then went their way
And let their daughter there remain,
to be the hungry Dragons prey;
But as she there did weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by,
Now like unto a valiant Knight,
straight unto her did take his way
And being amazed at this sight,
he then to her these words did say,
Tell me sweet maiden then quoth he,
What person thus abused thee?
And lo by Christ his cross I vow
which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
and break my Launce upon his Crest,
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The Dragon issued out of the wood.
The Lady that did first espy,
the dreadful Dragon coming so
Unto St. George aloud did cry,
and willed him away to go:
Here comes that cursed Fiend quoth she,
That soon will make an end of me.
St. George then looking round about,
the fiery Dragon soon espy'd,
And like a Knight of courage stout,
against him he did fiercely ride:
And with such blows he did him greet,
That he fell under his Horse feet.

See another Copy
401. f. 115.

A most Excellent Ballad of St. *George* for *England*, and the Kings Daughter of *Egypt*, whom he delivere from death, and how he slew a mighty Dragon. To the Tune of, *Flying fame*.

OF Hectors deeds did Homer sing,
and of the sack of stately Troy,
What griefe fair Hellen did them bring
which was Sir Paris only joy:
And with my pen I must recite,
St. Georges deeds, an English Knight.
Against the Sarazens full rude,
fought he full long and many a day;
where many a Gyant he subdu'd,
in honour of the Christian way
And after many adventures past,
To Ægypt land he came at last.
And as the Storie plain doth tell,
within that Country there did rest
A dreadful Dragon fierce and fell,
whereby they were full sore oppress:
who by his poysoned breath each day,
Did many of the City slay
The griefe thereof did grow so great,
throughout the limits of the Land
That they their wise men did intreat,
to shew therecunning out of hand:
which way they might this Dragon 'stroy,
That did there country sore annoy.
The wise men all before the King,
framed this matter incontinent,
The dragon none to death might bring
by any means they could invent.
His Skin was hard then brass was found
That sword or spear could pierce or wound.
When this the people understood,
they cryed out most pitiously,
The Dragons breath infected their blood,
that they each day in heaps did dye,
Amongst them such a plague it bred
The living scarce could bury the dead.
No means there was that they could find,
for to appease the Dragons rage,
But by a Virgin pure and kind,
whereby he might his fury swage:
Each day he should a Maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise men found,
which truly must observed be,
Wherefore throughout the City round,
a Virgin pure of good degree;
was by the Kings Commission still,
Took up to serve the Dragons will.
Thus did the Dragon every day,
a Maiden of the Town devour,
Till all the Maids were worn away,
and none were left that present hour,
Saving the Kings fair daughter bright,
Her Fathers joy and hearts delight.
Then came the Officers to the King,
this heavy message to declare
Which did his heart with sorrow sting,
she is (quoth he) my Kingdoms heir:
O let us all be poysoned here,
Ere she should dye that is my dear.
Then rose the people presently,
and to the King in rage they went,
Who said his daughter dear should dye,
the Dragons fury to prevent;
Our daughters all are dead quoth they,
And have been made the Dragons prey.
And by their blood thou hast been blest,
and thou hast sav'd thy life thereby,
And now in Justice it doth rest,
for us thy daughter so should dye:
O save my daughter said the King,
And let me feel the Dragons sting.
Then fell fair Sabrine on her knee,
and to her father thus did say
O Father strive not thus for me,
but let me be the Dragons prey,
It may be for my sake alone,
This Plague upon the Land was shown
'Tis better I should dye (she said)
then all your Subjects perish quite,
Perhaps the Dragon here was laid,
for my offence to work his spight:
And after he hath suckt my Gore,
Your Land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done my daughter dear,
for to deserve this heavy scourge,
It is my fault it shall appear.
which makes the Gods our state to grudge
Then ought I dye to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.
Like mad men all the people cry'd
thy death to us can do no good,
Our safety only doth abide,
to make thy daughter Dragons food:
Lo here I am, (O then quoth she.)
Therefore do what you will with me.
Nay stay dear daughter (qd. the Queen)
and as thou art a Virgin bright,
That hath for vertue famous been,
so let me cloath thee all in white
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
In ornament for Virgins meet.
And when she was attired so,
according to her mothers mind;
Unto the stake then she did go,
to which they did this Virgin bind,
And being bound to stake and thrall,
She bad farewell unto them all.
Farewel dear Father then (quoth she)
and my sweet mother meek and mild,
Take you no thought nor care for me
for you may have another child:
Here for my Countries good I dye,
which I receive most willingly.
The King and Queen with all their train
with weeping eyes then went their way
And let their daughter there remain,
to be the hungry Dragons prey;
But as she there did weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by,
Now like unto a valiant Knight,
straight unto her did take his way
And being amazed at this sight,
he then to her these words did say,
Tell me sweet maiden then quoth he,
What person thus abused thee?
And lo by Christ his cross I vow
which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
and break my Launce upon his Crest,
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The Dragon issued out of the wood.
The Lady that did first espy,
the dreadful Dragon coming so
Unto St. George aloud did cry,
and willed him away to go:
Here comes that cursed Fiend quoth she,
That soon will make an end of me.
St. George then looking round about,
the fiery Dragon soon espy'd,
And like a Knight of courage stout,
against him he did fiercely ride:
And with such blows he did him greet,
That he fell under his Horse feet.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

FOr with a Launce that was so strong
as he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust it along,
the which could pierce no other place:
And there within the Ladies view,
This dreadful Dragon then he slew.
The savour of his poysoned breath,
could do this Christian Knight no harm
Thus did he save the Lady from death,
and home he led her by the arm,
Which when Prolomy did see,
There was great joy and Melody.
When as the famous Knight St. George
had slain the Dragon in the field,
And brought the Lady to the Court, (all'd
whose sight with joy their hearts then
Be in the Ægyptian Court then staid,
Till he most falsely was betray'd.
The Lady Sabrine lov'd him well,
he counted her his only joy,
But when their love was open known,
it griev'd St. Georges great annoy:
The Morocco King was in the Court,
who to the Orchard did resort,
Daily to take the pleasant ayr,
for pleasures sake he us'd to walk,
Under a wall, whereas he heard,
St. George with Lady Sabrine talk;
Their loves he revealed to the King,
which to St. George great woe did bring.
These Kings together did devise,
to make this Christian Knight away,
With Letters him Ambassador,
they straightway sent to Persia:
And wrote to Sophy him to kill,
And treacherously his blood to spill.
Thus they for good did him reward,
with Guil and most subtilly;
By such vile means they did devise,
to work his death most cruelly:
While he in Persia abode,
he straight destroy'd each Idol God.
Which being done he straight was cast
into a Dungeon dark and deep,
But when he thought upon his wrong,
he bitterly did wail and weep,
Yet like a Knight of courage stout,
Forth of the Dungeon he got out.
And in the night three Horse-keepers,
this valiant Knight by power slew,
Although he fasted many a day,
and then away from thence he flew,
On the best Steed that Sophy had,
which when he knew he was full sad.
Then into Christendom he came,
and met a Gyant by the way,
With him in combate he did Fight,
most valiantly a summers day,
Who yet for all his bats of Steel,
was forc'd the sting of death to feel.
From Christendom that valiant Knight,
then with Warlike Souldiers past,
Vowing upon that Heathen Land,
to work revenge, which at the last
E're thrice three years were gone & spent,
he did unto his great content,
Save only Ægypt Land he spar'd,
for Sabrine bright her only sake;
And e're his rage he did surpass,
he meant a tryal kind to make,
Prolomy did know his strength in field,
And unto him did kindly yield.
Then he the Morocco King did kill,
and took fair Sabrine to his wife;
And afterwards contentedly,
with her St. George did leadhis life,
who by the vertue of a chain,
Did still a virgin pure remain.
To England then St. George did bring,
this gallant Lady Sabrine bright,
An Eunuch also came with them,
in whom the Lady did delight:
None but these three from Ægypt came,
Now let me print St. Georges fame.
When they were in the forrest great,
the Lady did desire to rest,
And then St. George to kill a Deer,
to feed thereon did think it best,
Left Sabrine and the Eunuch there,
while he did go and kill a Deer
The mean time in his absence came,
two hungry Lyons fierce and fell,
And tore the Eunuch presently,
in pieces small the truth to tell,
Down by the Lady then they laid,
whereby it seem'd she was a Maid,
But when St. George from hunting came
and did behold this heavy chance,
Yet for his lovely Virgin pure,
his courage stout he did advance:
And came within the Lyons sight.
who run at him withal their might,
But he being not a bit dismaid,
but like a stout and valiant Knight,
Did kill the hungry Lyons both,
within the Lady Sabrines sight,
But all this while sad and demure,
She stood there like a Virgin pure.
Then when St. George did truly know,
his Lady was a Virgin true,
Those doleful thoughts that e're was (dumb,
began most firmly to renew,
he set her on a Palfrey steed,
And toward England came with speed,
where he arrived in short space,
unto his fathers dwelling place,
where with his dearest love he liv'd,
when fortune did there Nuptials grace
They many years of joy did see,
And led there lives at Coventry.

Printed for I. C. W. T. and
T. Pallinger.